Just Had To Let You Know You're Mine by BeautyInChains

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Summary:

"You look like someone who needs to be punished."
Billy's eyes flutter shut. He looks as though he'd drop his gaze if Hopper would allow it. Steve can feel Billy trembling at his side and spreads his hand out against Billy's back, grounding him. Hopper lowers the belt slowly, dragging it down Billy's heaving chest and belly until it catches on Billy's own, the leather clacking against Billy's buckle.
"If you think so, Daddy," Billy says quietly.

Just Had To Let You Know You're Mine

Author's Note:

> Okay, first of all I need to thank Deep_South for planting the seed of Leather Daddy Hop. Because GODDAMN. I mean. I love leather, I love Daddies, and I love Hop, soooo ¯_(ツ)_/¯ Thank you also to hoppnhorn and Heart Eyes (hearteyesharrington) for letting me talk at you this whole time <3 It's taken me a while to work through it, but we're finally here! I got pretty damn filthy with this, so I hope you enjoy it!
>
> Title has been borrowed from Bazzi's song Mine, because it seemed suitable.
>
> The usual: Unbeta'd, con-crit/comments/kudos most welcome. Feel free to hit me up on Tumblr to talk about Harringrove, Hoppingrove, Stopper, Daddy (David Harbour), etc.: http://thebeautyinchains.tumblr.com/

"Oh holy fuck," Billy swears as they enter the cabin, the lit cigarette tumbling from his lips as the door swings shut behind them. He reaches out blindly, reflexively, and grabs a hold of Steve's bicep in order to keep himself upright as his legs all but liquefy beneath him.

Steve's eyes go wide as Hopper rises from his chair. He's dressed head to toe in black leather. Well, barely dressed as the case may be, Steve thinks with a swallow. Hopper's clad in a studded cap, a thick harness that cuts into his chest and sides, tight pants that cling sinfully to his legs and ass, and very heavy looking boots. Billy hasn't missed the matching belt clasped in one of Hopper's hands either if the whine he makes is anything to go by. Steve's throat goes dry, his tongue feeling fat and clumsy in his mouth.

"You're late," Hopper says, gruff and low. They're not. At least, Steve is pretty sure they're not, but he's not about to start an argument with Hopper when he looks like...*that*. Hopper and Billy must have agreed

upon this scenario at some point, because the blond responds immediately. Instinctively.

"We're sorry, Daddy." Billy hasn't released his grip on Steve's arm, in fact he's holding on for dear life. His usually bright blue eyes have become dark, pupils blown out, and his breathing has shifted, his chest rising and falling almost frantically.

"Breathe, baby," Steve murmurs quietly, pressing a chaste kiss to his temple. Hopper seems to pause for a beat, waiting for one of them to safeword. It doesn't come. He gives a nod before approaching, boots thumping loudly against the wooden floor. He folds the belt in half as he stalks forward and hooks it under Billy's chin, tilting until Billy's looking up at him from beneath those thick, dark lashes.

"You don't look very sorry, sweetheart," Hopper says and Billy's knees buckle. Steve fists the back of Billy's denim jacket to keep him from swaying forward. The leather of the belt cuts into his throat as he whines. Hopper's eyes meet Steve's. *He's good*, Steve hopes he conveys, *keep going*. Hopper does. "You look like someone who needs to be punished."

Billy's eyes flutter shut. He looks as though he'd drop his gaze if Hopper would allow it. Steve can feel Billy trembling at his side and spreads his hand out against Billy's back, grounding him. Hopper lowers the belt slowly, dragging it down Billy's heaving chest and belly until it catches on Billy's own, the leather clacking against Billy's buckle.

"If you think so, Daddy," Billy says quietly. Hopper taps his belt against Billy's and Billy sways again.

Hopper looks from Billy to Steve and back again. He leans in close, pressing his forehead against the top of Billy's head as he speaks, "If this gets to be too much? You use your word, sweetheart. This stops whenever you want it to. Tell me you understand."

"I understand."

"Color?"

"Green, Daddy."

"Good boy, baby," Hopper says, pressing a kiss into Billy's curls before tipping his head to the side, "Steve? Color?"

"Green," Steve agrees, licking his lips.

Hopper takes a deep breath, inhaling Billy's scent before taking a step back. He drags the side of the belt against the length of Billy's cock where it's filled out beneath his jeans, gives it a gentle little tap, "Here's what's going to happen, sweetheart. You're going to pull these slutty fuckin' jeans off, bend yourself over Daddy's knee, and get ready to accept the consequences to your actions."

Steve watches carefully as Billy's mouth opens and closes a few times before he manages to formulate any actual words, "Can Steve help me, Daddy? Please?"

Hopper smiles a little as he settles back in his chair, "Sure, baby. Steve can help you."

Steve slides his hand down Billy's back, turns him until they're pressed close. He smiles encouragingly, bumps his forehead against Billy's, their lips brushing, "You're being so good, baby. So good for Daddy. I bet he likes it."

"Yeah, I like it," Hopper rasps.

"I bet you're making Daddy so hard."

"He's right, baby," Hopper says. He spreads his legs open wide enough that he can cup his impressive erection through the leather. Billy whimpers at the sight, hips hitching into Steve's causing him to gasp.

"Easy," Steve says softly, fingers working Billy's belt open, and then his fly. Billy gasps as Steve's fingers brush against his cock. Steve huffs out a little laugh. "God, Billy. We knew you were a slut, but *this*," he trails off, pressing his thumb into Billy's wet slit.

"*Steve*."

Steve glances at Hopper, something silent passing between them

before Steve wraps a hand around Billy's cock, jerking him lightly, thumb still working his slit. "Look at yourself, baby. Go on," he urges and Billy's heated gaze drops to where Steve's fingers are curled around his throbbing dick, "So worked up for Daddy. You see this, Hop?" Steve asks as he carefully draws his thumb up and off enough that Hopper can see the thick, glistening string of precome connecting his beautiful boys.

"I see it baby. Looks so fuckin' gorgeous. Bet he tastes so good. Taste him for me. Tell me," Hopper growls, squeezing his cock.

Steve locks eyes with Hopper as he raises his thumb to his lips, sucking Billy's precome into his mouth. Billy whines, a high sound, and Steve can hear him swallow hard. Steve gives a wet, exaggerated suck before slipping his thumb out of his mouth; lets a little drool spill down his chin, knows Hopper likes it like that. Messy. "God," Steve whispers as Billy's damp cockhead drags against his through his jeans, "Tastes like fucking sin."

"*Shit*, that's enough. Strip those off."

Steve releases Billy's cock so abruptly that it slaps against Billy's clothed belly. Steve drops swiftly to his knees, pulls off Billy's boots and socks, drags his jeans down his legs and off until Billy is standing there half-naked, flushed and trembling. Steve presses a kiss just above Billy's knee before rising, nuzzling in, nose brushing against the cut of Billy's jaw as he murmurs, "You heard Daddy. Over his knee." Billy almost trips over his own feet in his haste to comply. Hopper leans back indulgently as Billy folds himself over Hopper's lap, sinks into it. Steve kneels at Hopper's right, long fingers stroking through Billy's curls soothingly. Steve can smell the leather, wonders what it must feel like against Billy's skin. Wonders what it might feel like against his own.

"That's it," Hopper murmurs, stroking his big hands over Billy's ass and thighs, "Such a good boy, baby. If only you'd been on time." He makes a soft noise of disapproval as Billy whines and clutches at his ankle, but he allows it. Steve traces over Billy's whitened knuckles with a finger, gaze flitting between Hopper's eyes, so hungry and deep, and Billy's. "Daddy's gonna give you twenty, baby. But I'm gonna let me tell you how you want it. You understand?"

"I understand, Daddy."

"Do you want the belt, sweetheart? Or Daddy's hand?"

Steve knows immediately what Billy will choose, almost grins at the way Billy's cheeks flush, at the way his hips rut down into Hopper's.

"Fuck, hand. Your hand."

Steve half expects Billy to receive an extra swat for his lack of manners, but Hopper's lips are twitching up despite himself. He grips Billy's ass instead, squeezing firmly, blunt fingernails dragging against the pale skin there. Steve must make some sort of noise, because suddenly Hopper's attention in on him as pins Steve with his eyes, big hand swinging around to cup his cheek and stroke his jaw. *I haven't forgotten about you, we're in this together, I love you*. Steve bites at his thumb, *I know*.

"You're gonna count for me, baby. Every single one. And you're gonna say my name when you do."

Billy whimpers and Steve feels his own cock throb hard. He shifts, knees dragging against the floor. His whole body aches in this position, but he needs to see. To see Hopper take Billy apart. To be there for Billy when Hopper does. Steve feels Billy's fingers twitch against his own, unfurl from where they've been curled around Hopper's leg and twine with Steve's instead.

"Yes, Daddy."

"Good boy," Hopper says again. Steve watches as Hopper raises his hand, marvels once again at the sheer size of it, as it comes down against Billy's left cheek with a cry. Billy growls, fingers twitching against Steve's.

"One, Daddy."

"Fuck, *that's it*. Love it when you say my name, baby boy."

Steve moans as his cock throbs against his thigh. He can feel Billy's shaky exhale against his chest. Hopper continues to bring his hand down on Billy's ass, alternating between hard slaps and soft strokes,

always varying placement. By ten Billy's ass has bloomed from pink into red. By fifteen Billy has tears running down his flushed cheeks. He's begun hitching his hips down into Hopper's, panting desperately, squeezing at Steve's fingers so hard it hurts. "T-twenty, Daddy, fuck, *fuck*!"

Hopper runs his hand up Billy's strong back, fisting in his curls, jerking his head back, "You've got a filthy fuckin' mouth, baby. We're not going to have to wash it out, are we?" Hopper glances at Steve meaningfully, throwing him a wink with a naughty sounding chuckle. Steve can't help the shudder that runs through his body at Hopper's words. He knows very well that Hopper isn't talking about soap. Billy whimpers something unintelligible.

"What was that, baby? Speak up. Daddy can't hear you."

"I said maybe, Daddy."

Hopper growls, his grip tightening on Billy's hair. "Steve? Stand up." It's not a request. Steve gives Billy's trembling fingers a squeeze before releasing and rising to his feet. His knees are aching, his cock is throbbing. There's a wet spot on his jeans where the precome is beginning to bleed through the fabric. Hopper licks his lips, reaching out with his free hand to massage the head of Steve's cock with his thumb. "What do you know? Looks like you're just as much of a slut as this little bitch across my lap."

"Jesus Christ," Steve swears, pushing into Hopper's touch.

"Take it out. "

And Steve does, with shaking fingers. His cock is so hard, long and thick and red. *Dripping*. Hopper smears the precome up and down Steve's shaft with a finger, sucks it off as Billy strains against his grip to watch. "God, baby. Look at this fucking cock. You get so fucking wet. Love it how wet you get. It's so fucking filthy," Hopper groans before readjusting his hold on Billy, cupping his jaw and guiding his head up so Steve's cock is within his reach, "You want it, sweetheart? You want this big, fat cock in your mouth?"

"Uh huh," Billy pants, cries out when he gets a slap on the red, raw

skin of his ass.

"I said, do you want it?"

"Yes, Daddy. *Please.*"

"That's better."

Hopper wraps his fingers around Steve's cock, giving a few rough strokes before tugging. Steve whines, stumbling forward until the tip of his cock is brushing against Billy's mouth. Hopper growls as he drags Steve's dripping cockhead against Billy's lips until they're slick and glossy. Steve is shaking with the effort it's taking to hold himself back. *To obey*. Billy's breathing hard through his nose, Steve can feel it. But he's being so good, waiting for it. "Open," Hopper says, and Billy does, his jaw dropping, "Hold it. Just like this. I want to watch him fuck your gorgeous face."

"Daddy," Billy whines, hips hitching down into Hopper's and Steve can feel the word against his skin.

"It's okay, baby. You can grind on Daddy. Rub that pretty little cock against my thigh. But you keep that fucking mouth open and you do not come. Not until I say."

Billy nods frantically, tears of desperation streaming down his cheeks as he holds his mouth open, pink tongue glistening as Hopper finally allows Steve to slip inside. Steve goes slow, cockhead gliding against Billy's tongue and in, *in* until he hits the back of Billy's throat. Billy's eyes scrunch shut as he gags, throat fluttering around Steve's length and it feels so much better than it has any right to. "Fuck, that's it, baby boy," Hopper murmurs, sounding like he's smoked his way through a full fucking carton of cigarettes.

Steve fucks Billy's throat until there's drool dripping down Billy's chin and running down his balls. It doesn't matter how many times Billy blows him, Steve can't get enough of the way his cock disappears and reappears, can't get enough of the way Billy moans and slurps and gags. Every little flutter of his throat bringing Steve that much closer to the edge. It doesn't help that Billy is continuing to fuck his hips down into Hopper, Hopper's big hand on his ass, coaxing Billy's

desperate little thrusts. "*Fuck*, Hop-Daddy, *Daddy*, I'm gonna come. Can I come?"

"Shit, yeah, sweetheart. You can come. C'mere, I want it here," Hopper says, drawing Billy back by his hair before hooking an arm between Steve's legs and pulling him in by the seat of his jeans until Steve's cock is level with Hopper's mouth, "Come on my tongue, baby. My turn to taste you." That's all the warning Steve gets before Hopper swallows him down, throat contracting around Steve's length, nose pressed against the sensitive skin at the base of Steve's belly. There's a rumbled "*Mmhmm*" that rolls over his cock and then Steve is coming, spurting down Hopper's throat with a moan. Steve fingers find the back of Billy's shirt, twist and pull. Hopper swallows, and swallows until Steve has nothing left to give, until he's so over sensitive he's hissing and pushing at Hopper's head. Hopper allows it, pulling off with a choked, wet laugh.

"Fuck, you taste so good, sweetheart," he says and then turns on Billy, "Stand up, baby boy." Billy's eyes look positively wild as he struggles to comply. Hopper rearranges Billy so that he is straddling Hopper's lap. Billy's cock is an angry red color and so very wet, as wet as Steve has ever seen him. Hopper grips Billy's ass, squeezing and pulling at the red, sensitive skin as he urges Billy's hips to resume their thrusts, cock dragging against Hopper's belly. Steve sinks back to the floor, drunk and dizzy with his orgasm. "Billy? You've been so good for Daddy, baby. You can come when you're ready. You gonna come for me? Come all over my belly? Just like this, baby boy," Hopper whispers as Billy trembles against him.

Hopper leans in close, extending his tongue. Steve feels his cock twitch as Billy sucks it into his mouth, knows that Billy can taste Steve's come on Hopper's tongue. Billy sucks hard, whines, thrust once more and then he's busting; cock pulsing as thick, white come erupts from his slit, pours over the head of his cock and down his shaft, smears all over the skin of Hopper's belly with each thrust. "God, that's it. So fucking perfect, so fucking pretty," Hopper grinds out, "Get on your knees, baby boy. Next to Steve."

Billy's still shaking through the aftershocks, cock twitching as he slips from Hopper's lap and to his knees, hot, thick thigh pressed against Steve's; so close that Steve can feel Billy's warmth seeping through his

clothes and into his skin. Hopper rises to his feet before them and they watch, panting, as Hopper unbuckles his pants, releasing his cock from its leather confines. He's so very hard, cock looking even larger from below as he looms over them. Billy whimpers as Hopper wraps a hand around himself, jerking efficiently and expertly. Steve's cock begins to thicken once again at the sight, his fingers twitching at his sides as Hopper growls mingle with the slick sounds of his fist working his cock.

"*Mine*."

"Yours, Daddy," Billy replies, voice cracking. Steve swallows hard, nods.

"Fuck," Hopper swears and then he's coming all over their faces. Rope after rope of hot, white spunk spurting over their lashes, cheeks, and lips. Billy moans, lips parting instinctively, pink tongue exposed and waiting for a taste. Hopper indulges him, dragging the head of his still pulsing cock over Billy's tongue. Steve watches raptly as the come wells up over his tongue and spills down his chin. Hopper gives himself a few long, slow pulls, milking the last few drops onto Billy's tongue before dropping back into his chair. "Lick it up," he says, and Steve knows that Hopper's talking to him.

Steve cups Billy's jaw in his hand, waiting until Billy's eyes focus in on him before lapping Hopper's come up from Billy's chin and pushing it into his mouth. Billy whines, collapsing against Steve, fingers fisting in his shirt. Steve swallows every hitching moan as their tongues twist and tangle until Hopper's taste becomes lost between them, until their faces are cool and tacky. Hopper leans over, pulls them in close, holds them just like that until the the aching of their bodies against the hard floor becomes too much to bear.

"I love you," he murmurs into their hair, "Let's get you to bed."